

The

# Alcester Grammar



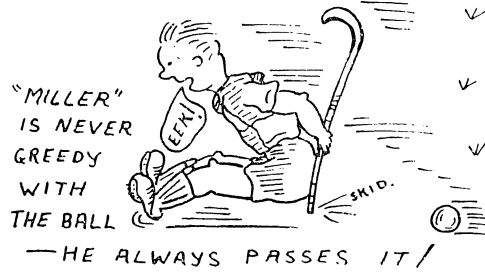
# School Record

March, 1951

# HOCKEY HIGHLIGHTS.

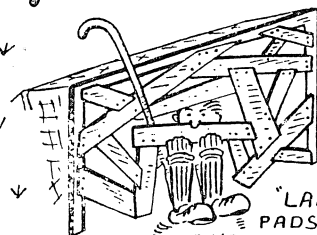


MOST PLAYERS FOUND  
THEMSELVES IN FOR  
A STICKY TIME  
THIS SEASON.

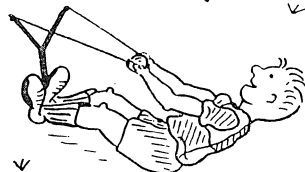


"MILLER"  
IS NEVER  
GREEDY  
WITH  
THE BALL

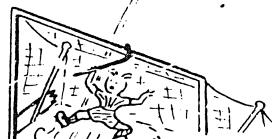
— HE ALWAYS PASSES IT!



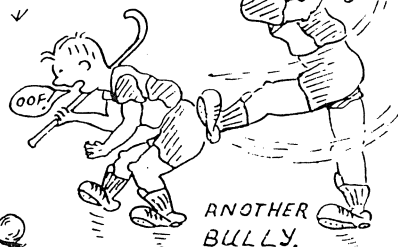
"LANE"  
PADS UP  
AND MAKES  
SURE NOTHING PASSES  
HIM!



"SHELTON"  
SHOOT!



"PADDOCK"  
CAN SHOOT  
AS FAR AS  
HE CAN REACH.



ANOTHER  
BULLY.

A. D. HALL (V.A.).

# Alcester Grammar School Record

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No. 98.

MARCH 1951.

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EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

Mary Burrows, Jennifer Birch, Barbara Druller, Jill Kempster,  
Wendy Lovell, Finnemore, Feast, Davies ii.

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## EDITORIAL

The School offers a hearty welcome to its new Headmaster, Mr. E. Davison, M.Sc., who took up his position at the beginning of the present term. Mr. Davison comes to Alcester from Easingwold, Yorkshire, where he had previously been Headmaster of Easingwold G.S. All wish him a happy time during his residence in Alcester, and a like welcome is extended to Mrs. Davison.

An epidemic of 'flu has been in the district during the past month or two. Although we have not entirely escaped, we have been only lightly affected by it, and attendances have fallen very much less than is customary in a Spring Term.

As our readers are well aware, we attempt in the *Record* to give them as much news as we can gather of Old Scholars, but we would remind them that unless Old Scholars themselves furnish us with information we frequently miss many items of interest that we should like to include. Once again, therefore, we appeal to all our readers to keep us up-to-date with information about themselves and other Old Scholars, so that we may make our news as complete as possible.

We would also like to feature more articles written by those who have left School. We feel sure that there are many who spend unusual holidays, have exciting or strange experiences, a short account of which would prove of much interest to their former schoolfellows. We want the *Record* to represent former as well as present scholars, and it is only with the co-operation of Old Scholars themselves that this aim can be achieved.

The early date of Easter this year has given us an unusually short Spring Term, with the result that there has been only a limited time for collecting material for this number of the *Record*. A large part of the games programmes still remains to be carried through, and the results will have to be held over until next term.

A word about subscriptions. Postal subscribers receive a printed notice when their subscription expires, and it is helpful to us if their subscriptions are renewed promptly. We feel that some subscribers put aside their notification when they receive it and then forget to send along the necessary three shillings. The high rate of postage makes it uneconomical to send another notice and, much as we regret it, we cannot supply any magazines by post without previous payment. So, if a renewal notice is enclosed with your magazine, do not delay, but renew your subscription at once.

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## SCHOOL REGISTER

### VALETE

Richards, E. A. (VI.), 1945-50.  
 \*Stanley, R. H. (VI.), 1942-50.  
 Tipping, S. J. (V.A), 1946-50.  
 Burden, P. J. (V.B), 1942-50.  
 Langford E. A. (V.B), 1946-50.  
 McCarthy, R. P. (V.B), 1944-50.

Spencer, S. M. (V.B), 1945-50.  
 Beauchamp, S. C. (IV.A), 1946-50.  
 King, M. A. (IV.B), 1941-50.  
 Johnson, L. L. (III.A), 1948-50.  
 Williams, E. J. (III.B), 1947-50.  
 Clements, M. M. (I.B), 1950.

\* Prefect.

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### SALVE

*Omitted last term.*

Hawthorne, M. J. (I.B).

There have been 300 pupils in attendance this term.

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## THE OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

*Hon. Secretary :*  
 J. M. Stewart.

*President :*  
 G. P. Baylis.

*Hon. Treasurer :*  
 Mrs. M. Feast.

### Christmas Reunion, December 16th, 1950.

Farewells were again the keynote of the Reunion, which was held at the School on Saturday, December 16th. After supper in the canteen, the President expressed to Mr. and Mrs. Ackland the good wishes of the Guild and thanked them for their friendliness and co-operation during the all too short time they had been in Alcester. In reply, Mr. Ackland said how pleased he had been to find so flourishing an Old Scholars' organisation at the School and he had been glad to witness its continuing growth, and wished it good luck for the future.

Secondly, the Guild had to say good-bye to a member of the Staff, well known to all Old Scholars from the foundation of the School. It was the unanimous wish of members that a presentation should be made to Mr. Ankorn to express the warm feelings we all have for him. This took the form of a George II Sheffield plate tankard (one pint), inscribed :

"Presented to Jack Ankcorn, on the occasion of his retirement, by the Alcester Grammar School Old Scholars' Guild, 1912-1950." The President, in making the presentation, recalled the long period of Mr. Ankcorn's service and the interest he had taken in School activities, especially in the "good old days" of A.G.S. cricket. Mr. Ankcorn replied in very sincere words, and we were privileged to hear a few of his fund of stories from behind the scenes at A.G.S. over the last forty years. To the strains of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" he carried his tankard away, with our wishes that it may prove of good use to him in many years of happy retirement.

At the business meeting, the officers and committee were re-elected, and Cecily Hartwell was elected to fill the Bidford vacancy caused by the marriage of Mary Slaughter. It appeared that the experiment of not charging for supper was a success, for about 120 members sat down for the meal. It was an encouraging sight, too, to see a queue to pay subscriptions, while the dancing in the Hall until midnight was as much enjoyed as ever.

#### **Easter Dance, Tuesday, March 27th.**

A dance will be held at the Alcester Town Hall on Easter Tuesday, 8.30 p.m. to 1.0 a.m., with H. Beszant and his Band. Tickets, 6s. each; are obtainable from the committee.

*J.M.S.*

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### **BIRTHS**

On December 24th, to Mr. and Mrs A. J. Cadman (née Barbara Greenhill)—a son.

On January 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Beesley (née Joyce Machin)—twin son and daughter.

On February 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Collins (née Pat Brookes)—a daughter.

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### **MARRIAGES**

On November 24th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Geoffrey John Randall to Joan Huxley (scholar 1939-41).

On December 2nd, at Bidford-on-Avon, Arthur Davis to Mary Slaughter (scholar 1941-45).

On December 9th, at Salford Priors, Jack Kenyon Willmore to Jean Wright (scholar 1938-43).

On January 19th, at Wrotham, Kent, James W. F. Treadgold (scholar 1926-33) to Violet Swift.

On January 20th, at Wixford, Bernard Charles Essex to Betty Muriel Whitehead (scholar 1941-46).

**OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS**

Gillian Clark (née Fifield) has been on holiday from the United States during the latter part of 1950.

R. J. Horseman is working on a Government Cattle Research Station in Staffordshire.

Zena Mason obtained a second class honours degree in Sociology at London University. She is working with the Family Welfare Association at Hammersmith.

H. Sisam, who was on holiday in England in November and December, has now returned to Canada.

M. Budden is studying at Leeds University for a degree in Agriculture.

Diana Hunt has gone to India to join the University Settlement at Bombay.

C. S. W. Wright has been appointed Head Postmaster of Spalding, Lincolnshire. Since 1946 he has been Assistant Postmaster at Warwick and Leamington.

A. Rook has gone to Australia to take control of the new Austin Motor Works.

A. K. Rogers is now in the Army.

Daisy Watkins (née Ison) has been on holiday in Alcester recently from South Africa.

G. C. Tarver has been posted to Germany.

P. Burden is now a Cadet with the Elder Dempster Line.

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**A RAILWAY JOURNEY IN NIGERIA**

Train journeys, however exciting they may seem at the beginning, usually become very monotonous towards the journey's end. When I experience this feeling in England, I often wonder how I endured a journey of 775 miles from a remote part of Northern Nigeria to the port, Lagos.

I was only eight years old at the time, but details of the journey, which took two days and two nights, are still quite clear in my mind. We boarded the train at the little local station which was six miles away, and I remember the wide leather-upholstered seats on which we slept at night. There were six coaches of natives and I do not think they ever slept. They were like children going on an outing, and every time we stopped at a station during the night they shouted so noisily that we only slept in snatches.

I was always glad when we stopped at a station during the day-time, because there were so many interesting things to see. A station consisted of one little concrete building, no platform, but always a well-kept garden and flowering trees. The native stationmaster took great pride in his flower beds. Native women would walk up and down with "calabashes" of fruit on their heads, hoping to find customers among the passengers. Crowds of little piccaninnies would be peering excitedly through the railings a short distance away.

We lived on a high plateau, so for the first part of our journey we saw nothing but grasslands, and the only signs of life were the Fulani shepherd boys tending their sheep and cattle. The latter appeared to me very terrifying, as they had huge horns and humps on their backs at the base of the neck. Nigerian sheep always look thin, owing to the absence of wool.

As we left the plateau, the scenery changed and the trees became more numerous. The train went for endless miles through what looked like an English orchard, the trees being the same size as our fruit trees. Then occasionally we saw a Mission Station, with its little church standing out in the sunshine, its roof and walls painted white. It had no spire or steeple, but just a plain cross at one end. The native huts were grouped near and we could see the natives working among rows of groundnuts, sweet corn and pumpkins.

Further south the train passed through dense tropical forests, where the trees grew much taller. Palm trees grew to a very great height and always managed to poke their heads above all the other trees. Narrow paths led to the railway track, and we often saw natives with bunches of bananas on their heads disappearing into the undergrowth.

We arrived at Lagos early one morning in torrential rain. How relieved we were to have some exercise, even though it meant splashing through large puddles to the nearest taxi.

WENDY LOVELL (IV.A).

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## A DOZEN DIRTY DUSTERS

If you ask the members of the Sixth Form who take what are called the "Arts" what the Sixth Form scientists do with their school time, they will probably tell you that the great scientists of the future ("Heaven help the future, then," one member of the Staff will sigh) seem to spend all their time "making dirty messes in the chemistry lab."

The scientists, however, will retort that their work is in a good cause, and anyway, even if they do make a mess, there are always dusters to mop it up.

Now this leads us to a very interesting history. In a sink in the chemistry lab. there used to be a Dozen Dirty Dusters. Their primary use was to mop up any mess the scientists *might* possibly make. These

dusters were regarded with affection by every Sixth Form budding chemist (another sarcastic remark from the respected one who guides the way of all chemists along the path that is straight).

These dusters started life as gay orange squares, but had undergone some change in the hands of former scientists, for by 1950 they were a rather revolting colour and a little worn out. Nevertheless, they were an essential part of Practical Chemistry.

But, alas and alack! one day the scientists returned to school to find that the Dozen Dirty Dusters had disappeared. Where? Nobody knew. A frantic search was organised. It yielded nothing. The scientists brooded in sorrow over their sad loss. Where had the dusters gone? How could they carry on without a dirty duster within reach to throw affectionately at a fellow scientist, to stop up plugholes, to mop up anything from ink to concentrated acid?

All hope of recovering the dusters appears to have gone, and now the scientists, as exam. results will show, are hard at work again. The dusters seem to have disappeared forever and work has to go on without them.

We scientists, however, appeal to anyone who may possibly have rescued even one of our precious dirty dusters to return it to the equally dirty sink in the chemistry laboratory. We should be most grateful, of course, if anyone could supply us with a *new* duster . . .

*A CHEMIST (VI.).*

### THE BORDER RAID

Jock, he was a Scotsman,  
Jock, he came from Scone;  
Jock, he came to Westminster,  
And stole the Crowning Stone.

We went to Jock's house.  
Jock he was not in,  
And when we met him down the street,  
Why, all he did was grin!

For when Jock came to Westminster  
He ran against the Law,  
Who asked him many questions,  
And never even saw

That on Jock's car, the number plate  
Was gleaming black and white,  
But when that Bobby looked at it  
That Bobby wasn't bright.

And so Jock thinks he's clever  
To best the likes o' we,  
By slipping off to Scotland  
With the Stone of Destiny.

But we are not so green and slow,  
We will not turn our eye;  
You will not keep that stone, my lad,  
Though "all the seas gang dry."

*JUDITH ROBERTS (III.A.).*



### THE "HEATWAVE"

He was all hot and bothered.

Why, I asked myself, was he all hot and bothered? Who was he, anyway, and what had he done to get in that state, I wondered.

Perhaps he was a small boy at school, who had just committed a heinous crime. A crime such as flooding a Latin exercise with ink, or bespattering a book with blots of that same liquid. Or, alternatively, he may have been some small sinner who had "forgotten" or "lost" his books or homework, and was now gaining his due reward for his lack of knowledge in a chemistry or mathematics lesson.

But why in school? He may have been some small cricket enthusiast who had inadvertently sent a ball through an irate neighbour's window, and was seeking to recover his toy.

Then I realised that they are not only small "he's" who are liable to be all hot and bothered. Perhaps he was a business man who, "not hearing" the alarm clock, had consequently managed to miss his train. This, indeed, may have been the cause of "his" discomfort. The poor fellow may have been perturbed in this manner at the thought of seeing "the boss" firmly ensconced behind a desk, confronting him with an icy glare.

On the other hand, "he" may have been an apprehensive dentist's client—a very nervous client who had fought the dentist and his assistant so violently that he was about to be "sued for damages" by the worthy surgeon.

"He" may have been a henpecked "hubby" who had just allowed the baby's milk to boil over, or had managed to break the "wife's" favourite vase and was endeavouring to clear up the mess before her return.

Then there was the possibility of "he" being an actor who found himself speechless on the stage, at the moment when he should have been "spouting forth" to the waiting masses, and who couldn't hear the prompter.

Or, again, to plunge to the "maelstrom depths," he may have been an unfortunate who had just made the horrible discovery that he had committed a murder—an unfortunate who couldn't think of a perfect alibi for the satisfaction of the constabulary.

After imagining all the possible causes of the perturbation of "he," I decided that it was of no avail concerning myself with that problem because, as the B.B.C. had not recorded the programme, I should never know the answer.

MARY BURROWS (VI.).

**NOTES AND NEWS**

The Spring Term opened on Wednesday, January 10th, and closes on Tuesday, March 20th.

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Speech Day was Thursday, December 14th. The presentations were made and the address given by Professor M. V. C. Jeffreys, of Birmingham University.

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The Spencer Cup, which has hitherto been awarded to the best pupil of the year in the School Certificate examination, is henceforth to be held by the most successful candidate in the examinations for the General Certificate. This year it was awarded to Kempster, who was the leading candidate in the Higher School examination.

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The Mason Cup for the best pupil in the Middle School was awarded to Bolt i.

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The Scout Cup was presented to the Panthers (Patrol leader—Weaver).

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In the afternoon of Friday, December 15th, a combined carol service with members of St. Faith's School and the Alcester Preparatory School was held in Alcester Parish Church.

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An error was made in the list of winners of the Victor Ludorum Cup recorded last term. In 1948 the cup was held jointly by G. V. Adkins and G. C. Tarver.

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At the closing assembly last term, Mr. G. R. Mason, Chairman of the Governors, attended, when presentations were made by Staff and School to Mr. C. F. R. Ackland, the retiring Headmaster.

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Football colours have been awarded to Hadwen and Alder.

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A picture, to be awarded each term to the Form adjudged to have kept the tidiest classroom, has been won by Form IV.B.

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Last term Mrs. Petherbridge resigned from the Staff, of which she has been a member since September, 1943.

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We welcome to the Staff this term Mr. D. McAlister (to teach French) and Mr. W. Ames (to teach Physical Training and Science).

New prefects this term are Shelton i, Davies ii and Wesson. From last term's list of senior prefects the name of Drusilla Mortimore was accidentally omitted.

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A Cercle Français, organised by Mr. McAlister, has been added this term to the General Activities held on Friday afternoons.

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The boys' hockey captain is Buckley.

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Mr. B. M. Lane, who has visited us for the past year to teach Music, left just before half term. His place has been taken by Mr. D. Holtom.

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Half term was Monday, February 19th.

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School examinations were in progress from Friday, February 23rd, to Friday, March 2nd.

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Extensive repairs have been done to some of the grass tennis courts, which had become very badly worn during the last tennis season.

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On Friday, December 15th, the Dramatic Society held their first annual party in the Hall, preceded by tea in the canteen, kindly provided by Mrs. Rutter. This was followed by a fancy dress parade, which was judged by members of the Staff. There were three different classes. Prize winners were: Fogg and Wesson, who won the group prize by appearing as "Mrs. Hotchkiss and Ivy," with much clattering of buckets and brooms; Barbara Peace won the prize for the prettiest effect as the Pearly Queen, while Feast won the prize for the most original effect as "Departed Spirits," draped in a sheet and with empty cocktail bottles. Games and dances were arranged by members of the Dramatic Society. Lemonade and cakes were enjoyed in the old dining room.

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### **THE WAITRESS**

On entering any small, well-established café, your order would probably be taken by a slim, slight person, dressed in a plain but smart black dress with trim white accessories, covered by a frilly, starched white apron to match the cap perched perkily on dark bobbing curls.

She nods her head in acknowledgment of your order and threads her way through the tables, high heels tapping merrily on the boards.

A few moments later she returns carrying on the flat of one hand a delicately-balanced tray, piled high with china. But she carries the tray with an air of assurance and reaches the table without mishap.

Deftly the china is arranged on the table by slim hands. Then, with a nod of satisfaction, she makes her way to another customer.

Then, when everyone has been served, she slips out to rest her tired feet and talk to her fellow waitresses.

After a satisfactory meal you lean back and contemplate the bill that she has totted up on her check book, which is hanging from her belt by a piece of string, along with a stub of pencil. Then, with a flash of gratitude in her dark eyes for the small tip, she smiles and, with a cheery, "Pay at the desk, please," bustles around the table gathering the china on to her tray.

*BERYL POPE (II.A).*

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### **ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!**

On our wall hangs the "apple of my father's eye," a very ancient clock which he picked up in a junk shop. He has worked countless hours trying to make it chime both correctly and musically. He has been partly successful, for it goes "Bonk!" at a quarter past. One day I was carefully dusting it when it fell.

When I thought it safe to return, I found father had repaired it with obvious improvement. It went "Bonk!" at the hour.

Last night, while reaching to get a book, I accidentally hit the clock again. Luckily I was alone.

So far its silence has not been noticed, but I am anxiously awaiting further developments.

*EILEEN LEWIS (III.A).*

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### **ROUND THE WORLD IN ONE DAY**

Mrs. Hull's great desire was to travel, but she could not afford it. She used to plan which way she would go if ever she went abroad, and suddenly she realised that she went round the world nearly every day.

To-Day Mrs. Hull gets up at Sunrise, feeling very Sleepy. She has a Bath, dresses quietly so that she does not wake the other Sleepers and goes downstairs. She unlocks the door and fetches the Coal from the shed, on her way disturbing a Cock scratching for Worms and a Ginger Cat watching a Mousehole. The fire is determined not to Light properly and begins to Smoke, until Mrs. Hull takes out the Ash from beneath the grate, when the flame shoots up.

Her next task is to Cook the Breakfast. All the Family like a boiled Egg each, followed by Cereal. Mrs. Hull clears the Table Top of the books on it, and sets the Table. Meanwhile, the other occupants of the House have come down and now settle down to Breakfast, Mr. Hull first taking his Medicine.

It begins to rain while the meal is in progress, and one of Mrs. Hull's Sisters, Eve, begins a frantic hunt for her Wellington boots which she had mislaid. Having found them, she dashes out, saying she will go along the New Street that is being built to Pine Junction, where she catches her train. Half-way along the Street she Falls over a Dog and a passing Soldier helps her up. She thanks him and hurries on.

Mr. Hull and the other sister see that it is raining Harder, and so cover their heads against the weather, he with a Cap and she with a plastic Hat. They go out, and as they pass the church the clock on the Steeple strikes eight o'clock.

Mrs. Hull begins the washing-up and is just drying the Glass Ware when the door-Bell rings. She answers it and takes the Post from the postman. She finishes the washing-up and then sits down, Reading her letters. Her next job is to Stoke up the fire before she goes into the city to shop.

She has great Hope of getting a new Hat at the Christmas Sale and, seeing a pretty one, Maple green with a few Oak leaves in the brim, she buys it. She then looks round in the Toy department of the store for something for a small niece. She purchases a small model of Father Christmas with his Reindeer and a woolly Labrador Dog.

Mrs. Hull then goes into a restaurant and sits down at a table already occupied by a Fair lady. Her fellow Diner is busily Reading a volume of the poems of Milton and does not look up as Mrs. Hull sits down. Mrs. Hull studies the menu and decides to have Roast Beef with Brussels sprouts followed by Plum Pudding, all of which she finds very enjoyable. When she has finished, she pays her bill and goes to the station.

While she is waiting for her train she notices that a few Snowflakes are falling and settling on the ground. The train steams in, and Mrs. Hull is whisked away on her journey of ten Miles, part of her way lying across a Small Heath already white with snow.

As soon as Mrs. Hull reaches home, she looks out at her Garden and sees that there have been Fair Falls of snow in her absence and that all the Snowdrop and the Tulip bulbs are covered up. The Beehive had a thin covering of snow and the little Stone Lizard had disappeared completely.

She decides to have only a cup of Tea, with plenty of Sugar, and a Sandwich for her Tea, because she has had a large dinner. She lights the Gas and there is a sudden Flash. Mrs. Hull rushes to the Mains and turns off the supply, sinking down with relief into a chair when she has done so.

Mr. Hull and his two Sisters-in-law arrive home soon after this event and Greet Mrs. Hull affectionately. Just as the Evening Shade begins to close in after a weak Sunset, Mr. Hull says he is going to call round for one of the Barmen and then going on to the "local" to have his Beer. The three ladies settle down for a quiet evening, and that night, as Mrs. Hull slips into bed, she reflects that she really has been round the world that day.

*BARBARA DRULLER (VI.)*

**TO A STORK**

Stork, stork, fly home, I beg,  
And don't stay idling on one leg.  
There's your wife sits in her nest,  
Rocking all her young to rest;  
The first he will be hung,  
The second roasted young.  
They'll come and shoot the third,  
And stab the fourth I've heard.  
Stork, stork, fly home, I beg,  
And don't stay idling on one leg.

VALERIE BUTCHER (IV.A).

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**PREPARING FOR PIGEON SHOOTING**

My father is very fond of wood pigeon shooting, and one sunny morning I asked to go with him. Travelling in the car through the country lanes was very enjoyable. We drove on until we came to a small wood which was in the wilds of the countryside, and saw a flock of pigeons. After walking over a field we came to where the pigeons were. We looked closely at the field and found that they were feeding on clover seeds, which were shooting green. There were two oak trees in this field, and we noticed that the pigeons used them for their resting-place before they went to feed. Near these two oak trees a stream ran and there was a hedge which my father said was the ideal place for a hide-out where he could wait for them.

After climbing through the hedge, my father crossed the stream and, pulling some boughs down, he began to make the hide-out. We gathered some dry grass and covered the boughs, making an excellent hide-out where the pigeons would not notice him. After we had made this hide-out my father told me he would bring his wooden pigeon the next morning and place it out in the middle of the field to decoy the pigeons down into the trees so that he could shoot them. We then returned to the car.

The next morning; however, when my father went to his hide-out, he found that the gale in the night had blown it all down and that our work had been completely destroyed.

BARBARA PEACE (V.B).

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**TROUBLE ON THE ROAD**

Last December my father decided to drive over to Cambridge to fetch a certain Cantabrian. He proposed to come back the same day, which would mean driving two hundred miles. My mother decided she would like to go, and so did I, as I had never been to Cambridge.

We all got up very early on the morning of the great journey, and soon we were on the road. It was a lovely morning, and we all felt very happy. However, when we had covered about seventy miles of our

journey my father noticed that the car was using an abnormal amount of oil. On investigating further, he found that the oil was actually leaking badly. In addition, the red warning light on the dashboard indicated that there was something wrong with the electrical system.

However, we arrived at Cambridge, visited the Cantabrian, and told him the sad news. We fortified ourselves with a good lunch, and then my father took the car to a garage, where the mechanics told him that there was nothing that they could do that day, as it was a long job, but that, with luck, and if we carried some oil, we should reach home again safely. So we collected the Cantabrian's baggage and started on the long journey home.

It was a very tiring journey, because every few miles we had to stop and put more oil in the engine. To make matters worse, the leaking oil was in some way affecting the working of the car dynamo, so that, as my father remarked, at any moment the car might come gently to a standstill, and we should be stranded. However, we managed to keep going at a normal pace, and my father drove without lights as long as possible. Even when we had the lights on the car still seemed to go as usual, and we were just hoping that perhaps we would get home without mishap when, at Alcester, the lights entirely gave up the ghost, and the car stopped, but conveniently outside an inn.

Luckily, my mother and I were able to get a lift in a friend's car, and then, somehow, my father and the Cantabrian managed to get the car to start again, and coaxed it home.

The outcome of these misadventures was that the car was put into a garage for an engine overhaul. For a couple of months we were without a car, and the fact that there was, in the cold and snowy weather that followed, no danger of skidding across the road and into a ditch was, as you can well imagine, small consolation.

*JILL KEMPSTER (VI).*

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### **CHEDDAR**

Returning from our holidays near Penzance, we decided to break our journey at Cheddar. This is one of the most beautiful places in England. Riding through the Gorge in the car we were amazed at the height of the cliffs towering above us.

The chief attraction of Cheddar lies in the caves, Gough's and Cox's. Gough's Cave is by far the largest. This is mainly because it has been cut out by an underground river. One of the most effective sights in this cave is the reflection in a pool of clear water of the stalactites, resembling an Alpine village. We learnt from the guide that they were still exploring an underground river (which, incidentally, we could hear but not see). This they hope to open to the public in the near future.

We left Gough's Cave and walked along the road to Cox's Cave. This is much smaller, but is, nevertheless, the prettier of the two. In it there is a squat stalagmite which, when illuminated, looks very much like the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Another group of stalagmites appears as a set of organ pipes, and when tapped by the guide made some musical notes. Coming out into the open again, we found ourselves at the foot of a flight of steps, cut in the rocks, which led up to the top of the Gorge. Climbing these, we obtained a wonderful view from the top; it would have been even better if we could have climbed the tower which was there, but unfortunately this was closed.

Retracing our steps, we came upon a square well, about six feet deep. This had a lot of money in the bottom, being evidently used as a wishing well by visitors.

We returned to the car thrilled with the sights we had seen.

*FEAST (V.A).*

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### THE STRUGGLE

I watched the struggle for quite a while. It was a heroic one, and I knew which one of the antagonists would eventually win. The wicked-looking beak had a very firm grip, and it seemed a hopeless task for the other individual. "Any time now," I thought, as the weaker of the two lost his grip on Mother Earth.

Quite suddenly the beak seemed to lose its hold and, like lightning, the huge, and by now almost exhausted, worm disappeared into the soft earth, and the disgusted thrush flew off to resume its hunt for food elsewhere.

*C. OSELAND (II.A).*

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### ADVENTURE OF A GOLDFISH

As my goldfishes' water needed changing, I took them in their bowl to the scullery. I very gingerly began to put them into their clean bowl. Having deposited three, I went to put the last one in when, to my horror, my hand caught on the plug in the sink, and down slithered the goldfish. I let out a yell, and my father ran in to see what was wrong.

"Oh, we'll soon rescue him," he said, when I had told him what had happened. "I will undo the nut in the bend of the pipe." He proceeded to do so, first knocking over a pail of water which happened to be underneath the sink. By this time there was quite a commotion in the kitchen, but still no sign of the goldfish. Just then my sister came running in to inform us that the drain was stopped up and that a goldfish was swimming around in the water. I ran outside and rescued him, none the worse for his adventure.

*JEANETTE LANGSTON (II.B).*



## NOTES FROM THE FORMS

### The Sixth

As all our readers will know, we have this term welcomed our new Headmaster, Mr. Davison. I know that I echo the sentiments of all the members of the Sixth Form as I respectfully offer him our best wishes for a happy and memorable time while he is at Alcester.

The departure of Mr. Ackland has brought back to the minds of those older scholars who have been at Alcester several years memories of teachers who have left in their time. Most of the School remember Mr. Walker and Miss Weatherup. But few members have the privilege of calling to mind Miss E. Evans, or Dr. Falk. To those to whom these names mean something, we say: Cherish the memory of their teaching; behave as they would wish you to; cling to the traditions which they upheld. For we firmly believe that the essence of the School lies, not in the knowledge which it imparts to its scholars, but in the principles which are imparted to them.

The Sixth Form party was held on December 29th in the School canteen. As the saying goes, "a good time was had by all." We take the opportunity of thanking those who worked so hard preparing the excellent refreshments.

You will, no doubt, remember the comment on horticulture in the last issue. Characteristically, interest has been maintained, and we are now the possessors of a pot of daffodils, purchased, it is rumoured, with the money left over after collecting the Staff's dinner dues and forwarding the same to Mrs. Rutter. The girls who manipulated this embezzlement would doubtless prefer to remain anonymous. For scientifically-minded readers, it is recorded that the daffodil grew no less than 1.17985 cms. on the average each day in the last week of January. This growth was carefully measured by the Science Sixth.

During the last year or so, a return has been made to the pre-war style of the School cap: black with broad red bands. It is remarkable how many different designs of caps were used in the war years. Boys generally are averse to wearing a cap; but once it is on their heads they seem even more reluctant to remove it—at the right time. It is regrettable that the pleasant custom of raising one's cap to the Staff is not being scrupulously observed.

Last year's readers will doubtless remember a certain person who, as put on record by Kempster, was nicknamed Poltergeist. Since leaving School, this apparition has been seen hovering round the School gates, and even venturing inside. However, we hope that he will continue to haunt the vicinity. Those who are familiar with his name and have observed his characteristic gait will be highly amused to hear that he has since been re-named Quickstep!

We are informed that there will be a party going to France this Easter under the leadership of Mr. McAlister. It is noticeable that hardly anyone who went two years ago to Paris will be accompanying them, owing to the fact that there is a shortage of the necessary medium of exchange. A French Circle has been recently inaugurated, apparently so that those who are going will be able to make themselves understood—they hope. We advise them not to follow the example of one who, entering a Parisian shop, demanded of the man behind the counter: “Parlez-vous Français?”

*M. R. PERRYMAN.*

### **Y.a.**

If the Fifth is perhaps regarded as rather a dull form, the juniors should try to imagine what they will feel like when they take their General Certificate of Education.

The appointment of three prefects in the form has put a damper on one or two little escapades, and we now have to be very careful what we are up to. (Not that we do not wish them the best of luck, while offering them our sympathies!)

About the greatest excitement of the term was caused when two male members of the form left their hockey kit in the small room adjoining ours and, much to their consternation, saw a member of the Staff proceed to lock the room up, leaving them helpless. The difficulty, however, was cleared up when a Fifth Form girl appeared on the scene with the key.

The other “happenings” range only from decorating the “stony bloke” and breaking a picture frame to hanging some poor unfortunate’s satchel out of the window so that it falls when the window is opened.

Even though that is everything of note that has happened in V.A in a year, I do not think (and in this I am sure our form mistress will agree) that we are the quietest of forms.

*J. A. W. SAVAGE.*

### **Y.b.**

We have, unfortunately, lost the exuberant company of McCarthy, Anne Langford and Sheila Spencer this term. Shelton has joined the illustrious ranks of prefects. Paddock, Ruby Lawrence and Marie Craddock display their prowess in our School hockey or netball teams.

Several of our boys have been observed working—believe it or not! They have been employed as stokers in the absence of a school caretaker.

Barbara Peace gave the most pleasing effect at the Dramatic Society party as Pearly Queen and won the prize.

The silence of our female members was very noticeable on February 14th.

Our reputation for laziness is growing steadily in the minds of our elders.

#### IV.a.

The girls' Form Captain this term is Margaret Woodfield, and Hemming is captain of the boys. Games Captains this term are : Girls' Hockey, B. Clarke; Boys' Hockey, Wright.

At the end of last term we were very sorry to say good-bye to Stephanie Beauchamp, our budding pianist and singer, and we hope she will continue to make good progress.

On December 18th we held our Christmas Party, and we should like to thank Miss Evans for her help in making it a success. Some of our boys showed great promise in the Art of Washing-up!

The Form History Research Group has discovered, under Mr. Lord's tuition, that very slight changes have occurred since 500 B.C.!

Are bilberries sweet or sour? A presentation of a bilberry tart was made to Mr. Petherbridge by the Geography Class in order to ascertain his opinion of its taste.

It so happens that the alphabetical order of our form only goes as far as W. There are no "Z" Reserves!

What has happened to all the flowers? The vase presented to us last term for the best show of flowers stands empty.

Some of our girls are progressing as waitresses. Not so much tea in the saucers!

*KATHLEEN HIGHMAN.*

#### IV.b.

We lost two members of the form at the end of last term, and we are now reduced to twelve boys and fourteen girls. Our Games Captains are Anne Allen and Weaver.

Last term we had the pleasure of winning the picture which was presented for the tidiest form room. Our boys, however, do not take very kindly to charring, and the greater part of the tidying is left for the girls.

A few weeks ago one of the members of the "Hexigang" was moved to occupy the Seat of Honour by the teacher's desk. They rejoiced, however, that the "Hexigang" is now once again complete.

Our budding artists have found a new occupation; during certain periods of waiting they are to be found drawing portraits on the blackboard.

### MY FIRST DANCE

Some weeks ago my friend asked me if I would like to go with her, and her parents, to an old fashioned dance. As I had always longed to go to a dance, I was overjoyed at the idea. But it was not so simple as all that, for I had to get permission from mummy and daddy who, when I asked them if I could go, said rather half-heartedly they would see. After a bit of persuasion they finally consented to let me go.

At last the great day came, and at half-past seven, clad in a long, green dress and gold-coloured sandals, I made my way down to my friend's house for inspection.

When we reached the hall, there were only a few people there, so we practised until more dancers arrived.

After a series of more simple dances, it happened! My friend and I got pulled into a group of people who were about to do the Lancers, and as we did not know the first thing about this dance we were terrified. How we got through it I don't know; I don't think I could do it again if I tried. As the evening went on, we enjoyed it more and more, and were very disappointed when the dance ended. We both agreed that we would like to go again as long as we did not have to do the Lancers!

MAUREEN BRYAN (III.A).

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### A VISIT TO THE ZOO

I've always wanted to go to the zoo,  
To see the bears and the kangaroo.  
One day, when it was pouring with rain,  
My dear old Uncle Charlie came.

He asked me what I'd like to do.  
I said I'd like to go to the zoo.  
We put on our hats and coats and went,  
And a happy afternoon we spent.

First of all we saw the bears;  
They looked as if they had no cares.  
We fed them on a currant bun:  
They thought that this was really fun.

We saw the chimps and the monkeys, too,  
And then we saw the kangaroo.  
It started to jump and wouldn't stop;  
You could hear its feet go flippity flop.

But now we have come home from the zoo,  
I've seen the bears and the kangaroo.  
I leave the chimps still having a game,  
And I'm very glad Uncle Charlie came.

MARY THOMSON (III.B).

### THE STATION CAT

Upon the booking office mat  
There sits the old, black station cat;  
He looks so wise and is so keen  
On all the various routine  
That goes on round him every day.  
That I have heard the porters say  
They do believe old pussy's able  
To understand the big timetable.

Then he'll amuse himself at nights  
By watching shining signal light.  
During the night, p'raps once or twice,  
His thoughts will turn to rats and mice,  
Then to the warehouse he'll resort  
To have a quiet little sport.  
Yes, night and day there's something new  
For a wise old station cat to do.

JACQUELINE SQUIRE (II.B).

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### THE DUMB SOLDIER

When the grass was closely mown,  
Walking on the lawn alone.  
In the turf a hole I found  
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace,  
Grasses hid my hiding place;  
Grasses run like a green sea  
Over the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies.  
Looking up with leaden eyes,  
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,  
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,  
When the scythe is sharpened again,  
When the lawn is shaven clear,  
Then my soldier will re-appear.

J. NEWTON (I.B).

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### THE MONSTER

There's a great big monster in our garden shed.  
He has a grey fur coat that covers his head,  
And his tail is long, and his eyes are red;  
And he's taken a fancy to our garden shed.

He's got very sharp teeth and very sharp claws.  
And he chews things up in his slobbering jaws.  
You can hear the patter of his ugly paws  
As he crawls around the shed seeking his stores.

He lives in the garden shed dark and dire,  
A silly old monster living by a tyre;  
And he eats deck-chairs and he sings in the choir.  
And his name is Archibald Montague (Sire).

He's a bald old monster, needing a wig,  
But he still plays cricket with a conker and a twig.  
Both he and his grandson play "footer" and tig,  
And he's still very partial to an Irish jig.

He's very old now and he's getting quite fat,  
And he's chewed the chair where once I sat.  
But even I can forgive him that—  
If he'll leave our shed—this monstrous rat.

PATRICIA WELLM (III.B).

### THE EMPTY HOUSE

It had been empty now for many years, had this ramshackle old building. The windows looked grimy and cobwebby, although there were not many windows left, for the village children had knocked most of them out with sticks and stones.

All over the mellowed brick front of the house clambered what must once have been a neat bush of rambling roses. The thatched roof was broken in many places, and small sparrows flew out of it as a sudden gust of wind swept over the countryside. All around the house stretched the garden, one huge mass of weeds with an occasional flower peeping through.

Stepping inside the house, one was almost choked by the dust and dirt that rose up in clouds. In each room the atmosphere was the same, giving an impression of long neglect. Leaving the place, I thought that no person in his right senses would buy this old house.

EVELYN COOPER (II.A).

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### OLLA PODRIDA

A linguist, says R.V., is someone who makes funny noises.

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D.M. informs us that brine was forced down a slopping floor of mercury.

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G.W. tells us that she sat down on her knees.

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Conflagration, according to D.L., means that something seems difficult to believe.

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Once, writes S.S., we had a debate on Friesians and Ayrshires by two representatives, one from each herd.

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Who was it who had a strange fascination for old buildings?

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The ring came into existence on page twenty-three, says D.L.

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### EMBARRASSED

I was causing my owners considerable consternation as to what to do with me. I had had my dignity lowered to such an extent that my fat turned yellow, by being thrust through the letter box and trodden upon when my owners entered the house. Now I thought it a bit much that

my immediate future was under discussion. Anyone thinking anything of me at all would, of course, have said "Roast" upon sight of me. As for my being stewed, I had never heard such trash in all my life. However, they finally decided on a roast for Sunday and, if I proved too tough, then stew. So I was duly roasted and eaten in the traditional English way.

What was I? Eightpennyworth of English beef!

*J. EDKINS (V.B).*

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### GROWING UP

This business of growing up is rather a problem at times. When I was small, life seemed so gay and free, with nothing to think about but play. As the time went by, I found I had little jobs to do, and life didn't seem so good.

The next difficulty was my clothes. I was growing so tall that my dresses and coats seemed so short. It was a nightmare for my mother to get new clothes for me. My feet were large as well and, of course, I was constantly in need of new shoes. But it was rather exciting having new things so often.

Growing up, however, has its privileges and advantages. I am allowed to stay up later, and sometimes to listen to a thrilling play or musical comedy. Once a week I visit the cinema or attend a social evening. Really, taking things all round (except that I hate washing-up), growing up is quite fun.

*KATHLEEN NORTON (III.B).*

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### AN HOUR IN THE LIFE OF A VIOLIN

I am a poor old violin, and I am owned by a miserable wretch who says he can play me.

When he wants to play me, he gets the bow (that's the long, straight thing that he laboriously pulls across my strings) and then he picks me up. First of all he tries to wring my neck. Then he drags the bow slowly and methodically across my strings. After this effort at killing me, he smashes his fingers on to my strings. Oh! what a racket. First of all, the cat bolts, then the dog starts howling. Then—crash! That's a string gone. So I am put back into the case until I can be fitted with a new string.

*G. KEYTE (III.A).*

**THE BIRDS IN MY GARDEN**

In my garden I have two bird tables and a box with a hole in it. The smaller bird table is fastened to the clothes-line post. The other is nailed to an apple tree. I put bread crumbs and bacon rind on them (that is, when we have any bacon). But most important is the box with a hole in it. The hole is about two inches in diameter, so that only the small birds can get in, and not the greedy starlings. We put bread and pieces of fat inside the box, so that the little birds can have something to eat and are not driven off by the big birds. Sometimes the starlings try to get in, but are too big. They flap their wings and push, but no, it is no good. They cannot get in. We have lots of fun watching the antics of these birds.

*R. BROADLEY (I.B).*

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**SCHOOL PRIZES**

At the Speech Day gathering, in addition to Oxford Certificates, prizes were presented for the first time. The following presentations were made :—

**FORM PRIZES.**—FORM VI. (3rd Year): Kempster, Dance, Holfield, D. Rose. FORM VI. (2nd Year): Hadwen, Perryman. FORM VI. (1st Year): F. Highman. FORM V.A: B. Druller, J. Kempster. FORM V.B: Finnemore i. FORM IV.A: E. Craddock. FORM IV.B: E. Walton. FORM III.A: Bolt i. FORM III.B: M. Taylor. FORM II.A: S. Winspear. FORM II.B: K. Norton. FORM I.A: A. Swinglehurst. FORM I.B: Wilkes.

**PROGRESS PRIZES.**—Bradley, Gowers, P. Elmore, K. Highman, Miller ii.

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**Mr. J. ANKCORN RETIRES**

The last personal link with the earliest days of Alcester Grammar School has been broken by the retirement of Mr. "Jack" Ankorn, for so many years the School caretaker. From the time of his appointment to the post in 1912 his ambition was to make the school buildings and their surroundings something of which he could be truly proud. Those of us who remember the School in its early days, when it comprised merely the main block, were impressed by its immaculate cleanness. How the parquet floors shone under his weekly polishing! And how they continued to shine until the addition of further classrooms made it humanly impossible for them to receive such regular personal attention! How we appreciated the fact that the boilers consistently provided adequate warmth, and that the incandescent gas burners would always give abundance of light whenever daylight failed us! For Mr. Ankorn was the complete handyman and an expert at effecting repairs of every kind.



Outside, the School grounds bear lasting witness to his work. He it was who made the boys' football field, who laid and levelled all the tennis courts, who planted the memorial trees inside the boundary walls.

But he was more than caretaker and groundsman, for in his younger days he entered keenly into the boys' games. In winter he would turn out on Wednesday afternoons at football practices, and in summer he could be often seen at the nets. For many years, at the time when the School played cricket against teams from neighbouring villages, he was a regular member of the team, in which he proved his value as a wicket-keeper and an opening bat.

Into his retirement we trust that he will take with him a host of happy memories of the thirty-nine years during which he has given to the School such faithful service.

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### **AN UNWELCOME VISITOR**

When mother went upstairs at eight o'clock to put the hot water bottle in the bed, she was surprised to find a heap of dust in the fire grate. She fetched the dust pan and brush, and was about to investigate when a starling flew out of the chimney.

Father and I were sitting by the fire, listening to the wireless, when we heard mother shouting for help. We rushed upstairs. The starling was flying round the electric light, while mother was waving the dust pan and brush at it. We opened the window and, seizing various covers, we tried to guide the starling towards it. But this was all in vain; the starling persisted in flying round the light.

Eventually, father suggested that we should put the light out. This was quickly done and we all waited in silence. There was a flutter of feathers; the starling had flown out through the open window.

*VALERIE BASELEY (II.A).*

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### **NATIONAL SAYINGS**

This Group wishes to draw attention to the fact that National Saving Certificates now cost 15s., but reach the sum of 20s. 3d. in ten years' time. This is an improved rate of interest upon that which was afforded by the former 10s. unit.

We should also like to make it clear that we are still in a position to back-date Certificates for a whole year. This virtually means that we are making a present of threepence with each Certificate, as this is the rate of the first year's interest.

No threepences will be supplied by us in person, but parents and members please note this excellent opportunity, which is only available because the stamps are purchased in bulk by the School Group.

*MISS YOUNG, Hon. Secretary.*

**BARNARDO HELPERS' LEAGUE**

On December 1st, Miss Phillips paid her usual annual visit to open boxes and show new films of the varied work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. This year, however, there was also a special reason for her visit. The School branch of the League has, up to date, subscribed the sum of £289 4s. 8d., and such a splendid achievement has been recognised by the award of a shield. It was Miss Phillips' pleasure to present that shield to the Society in the presence of the assembled School.

The result of the box-opening was extremely good, the total in subscriptions and donations being £21 15s. 9d. This was an increase of over £5 on last year's result. Muriel Bott earned a Short Service badge.

Our membership now numbers 72, sixteen new members having been enrolled. With the help of some non-members, a special Christmas gift of £5 5s. was sent to the Christmas Tree Fund and very gratefully received.

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**THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY**

*President* : Diena Browne.      *Treasurer* : Buckley.

*Secretary* : Barbara Druller.      *Social Secretary* : Jill Kempster.

This term we have continued our usual varied activities, among them being a play-reading of "The Poison Party," by F. Sladen-Smith. This is a burlesque on the Medici poisonings, and we derived much fun from following the machinations of the Queen Mother, who poisoned a plate of lemon tarts. Charles, the King, unwittingly foils his mother's plans, because he owns a pet rabbit which eats the tarts and promptly explodes. Wesson was very successful in his efforts to make the King sound childish and petulant.

We also gave a play-reading after school of "The Dumb Wife of Cheapside," by Ashley Dukes. Judging from the reactions of the Upper School, who were our guests, the efforts made to rehearse it were well worth while. Feast, in particular, as Master Sunder, was "in excellent voice," and did much to liven the performance. Marion Taylor, too, had a difficult part as Anne, the "dumb" wife, and her fluent reading truly deserved commendation.

We have also had a "Hat Debate" one Friday afternoon. Here the "properties" opera hat was well to the fore. Each member took a subject from the hat and had to speak for two minutes, without a break, on that subject. Buckley, we notice, is always very willing to do the timing, but is rather grieved that his efforts do not exempt him from the "torture."

At the moment the Society has its full complement of members and no new entrants can be considered until next September.

*BARBARA DRULLER*, Hon. Secretary.

## **MUSIC SOCIETY**

At the end of last term we again held a Carol Service in St. Nicholas' Church, together with the National School and some pupils from Alcester Preparatory School. The service was conducted by the Rector and the organist was Mr. Lane.

We have spent some enjoyable Friday afternoons listening to records which Mr. Lane kindly obtained for us from Birmingham Record Library. Mr. Lane and our pianist, Perryman, have also spent much of their valuable time practising duets to play to us.

At half term we were sorry to say good-bye to Mr. Lane. He has always taken a great interest in the Music Society. In his place we are very pleased to welcome Mr. Holtom, and we hope he will be happy with us.

*F. HIGHMAN.*

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## **AEROMODELLING AND RADIO SOCIETIES**

Great progress has been made in construction of models. There are approximately a dozen models under construction, of which several are nearing completion. We hope to organise a field day before the end of the present term, when finished models will compete in time trials.

The members of the Radio Society have constructed an oscilloscope. There is a slight lack of linearity in the wave trace, and this fault has now to be corrected.

A cordial welcome is extended to aeromodelling enthusiasts from the Lower School, and to radio enthusiasts from the Upper School.

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## **PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**

This term we have been conducting our activities on a fixed programme.

The Society has to thank the Radio Society for the use of the Physics Lab. on one afternoon, and especially Hadwen, who ran the projector for us. The subject of both film and lecture was "Ultra High-speed Photography."

Each of the senior members is to give lectures on varied subjects this term.

The Society has devoted a number of afternoons to field days. In these we are going to try to photograph various geographical features of the River Arrow for use in geography lessons.

*R. A. SHORE, Hon. Secretary.*

### STAMP CLUB

Meetings this term have proceeded on the usual lines. Members have continued to give displays of stamps with short talks on them. Interesting new stamps have also been brought along for study. The business of "swapping" has been somewhat limited, but we are hoping that further gifts of stamps to members will give new life to this valuable activity of the club. We are purchasing some accessories in the form of perforation gauges and watermark detectors, so that we may investigate some of the less obvious though equally interesting features of our collections.

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### THE FIELD CLUB

The Field Club, organised by Miss Jolley, is still in its first year. It is divided into two main groups, the boys' and girls' sections.

The girls are mainly concerned with leaves, flowers and grasses. These are gathered, usually pressed, and studied with the help of books. The boys' section deals with pond life. This comprises the collecting of specimens, studying them and looking them up in books. After they have been studied, they are transferred into the main aquarium. The specimens studied range from fish to tiny, microscopic water animals.

The Club has already proved itself very successful.

*R. D. LANCASTER.*

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### CERCLE FRANCAIS

*Président* : Mr. E. Davison.

*Vice-Président* : Pat Elmore.      *Secrétaire* : Frances Highman.

*Comité* : Pat Aspinwall, Jane Dayer-Smith, Muriel Bott.

Ce trimestre on a décidé de recommencer les réunions du Cercle Français. Les membres en sont tous des élèves de première et de seconde.

Nous ne nous rassemblons que les vendredis alternes, mais après les Pâques nous espérons pouvoir nous réunir tous les vendredis.

Deux membres arrangent tour à tour le programme pour l'après-midi.

Nous avons déjà joué à "Vingt Questions," et aussi aux "Charades."

Vendredi, nous avons entendu des disques de chansons françaises.

Nous avons aussi lu une petite pièce de théâtre, appelée "Tout ce qui brille," et bientôt nous espérons en donner une représentation.

M. McAlister va nous parler de la France et de la vie et des mœurs des Français.

Les jeunes filles ont l'intention de rassembler les recettes françaises.

*FRANCES HIGHMAN.*

## HOCKEY (BOYS)

*Captain* : Buckley.      *Vice-Captain* : Drew.

*Secretary* : Hadwen.

This, the third season of hockey, we had nine of last year's team available from which to form an XI. This term we were disappointed at having bad weather, which curtailed several practice matches.

Of the three matches played so far, the first was against Prince Henry's G.S., Evesham. The team pressed hard for most of the match, to score five goals to their two. In the next two matches the teams were more evenly matched, as the scores suggest. Against Hanley Castle G.S., the team was unfortunate to lose after a valiant fight, the final score being 2-1. At Bromsgrove, the team was hard pressed, but the defence stood up well to the attack, and our forwards gave the Bromsgrove defence some anxious moments.

It has not been possible for the Second XI. to play any matches yet, but two have been arranged against Evesham at the end of term. Several practices have been held in conjunction with the First XI.

The boys have again challenged the girls, and it is hoped to play the match on March 7th.

This term the School has been represented by Hadwen, Drew, Wesson, Paddock, Fogg, Miller i, Savage, Aspinwall, Lane ii, Sutor, Barratt, Sharpe i, and Buckley.

### RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away). Won 5—2.  
 „ v. Hanley Castle G.S. (home). Lost 1—2.  
 „ v. Bromsgrove School 2nd XI. (away). Lost 0—1.

C. E. B.

## HOCKEY (GIRLS)

*Captain* : Rosamund Varney.

*Vice-Captain* : Patricia Aspinwall.      *Secretary* : Barbara Druller.

So far this term the First XI. has been very successful, winning all their matches. The team has practised enthusiastically and the forward line has greatly improved. This improvement was shown to advantage in the match against Chipping Campden. Unfortunately, two First XI. matches have been cancelled through unfavourable weather.

The Second XI. have not played this term, as their one fixture was cancelled.

After half term, practices after School will begin again, as the teams will be meeting stiffer opposition in the remaining matches.

The following have represented the School in the First XI. this term : B. Druller, S. George, B. Phillips, P. Tipping, P. Aspinwall, B. Clarke, R. Varney, W. Lovell, D. Palmer, M. Woodfield, F. Highman, and B. Bryan.

**RESULTS**

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Stratford-on-Avon Youth Club (home). Won 4—1.  
 " v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home). Won 7—1.  
 " v. Stratford-on-Avon N.F.U. (away). Won 7—2.  
 A.G.S. "A" XI. v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. "A" XI. (away). Won 12—1.  
 SIDES MATCH: Brownies 6, Tomtits 0.  
 SIDES MATCH (Junior): Brownies 3, Tomtits 0.

*R. V.***NETBALL**

*Captain* : Jennifer Birch. *Vice-Captain* : Gloria Malpass.

We were very disappointed that so many of our last term matches were cancelled owing to inclement weather.

The same difficulty is being found this year as last in selecting an under-fifteen team without encroaching on either hockey team.

Two teams, an under and over-fifteen, were entered for the Leamington Netball Rally, but unfortunately we were unable to reach the finals. We have, however, been successful in both matches we have played this term. We succeeded in defeating Chipping Campden in a hard-fought game in spite of the fact that we fielded a depleted team. The following week we beat Studley College by a good margin.

We are looking forward to games with Evesham P.H.G.S., Hugh Clopton and Worcester before the end of the season.

The School has been represented this term by : E. Craddock, G. Malpass, J. Dayer-Smith, D. Browne, J. Birch, M. Bott, M. Craddock, D. Palmer, M. Salmons, G. Maycock, K. Norton, S. Devey, S. Salmons, A. Edwards, and S. George.

**RESULTS**

A.G.S. 1st VII. v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home). Won 19—14.  
 " v. Studley College (home). Won 16—9.  
 SIDES MATCH: Jackals 21, Tomtits 4.

*J. B.***SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS**

The following results could not be included in the December magazine :—

**FOOTBALL**

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. St. Philip's G.S. 2nd XI. (away). Won 4—2.  
 " v. Redditch C.H.S. (away). Won 4—3.  
 SIDES MATCHES: Brownies 2, Jackals 1; Jackals 5, Tomtits 2; Tomtits 4, Brownies 1.  
 SIDES MATCHES (Junior): Brownies 5, Tomtits 1; Jackals 4, Tomtits 2; Jackals 5, Brownies 2.

**ANALYSIS**

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
A.G.S. 1st XI. ....	7	7	0	0	31	15

**HOCKEY (GIRLS)**

SIDES MATCHES: Brownies 2, Tomtits 2; Jackals 6, Tomtits 0; Jackals 6, Brownies 1.  
 SIDES MATCHES (Junior): Jackals 2, Brownies 1; Brownies 1, Tomtits 1; Jackals 2, Tomtits 1.

The name of Margaret Woodfield was omitted last term as a regular member of the 2nd XI.

**NETBALL**

SIDES MATCHES: Tomtits 13, Brownies 11; Jackals 16, Brownies 10.

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